A HAPPY WIFE.

all for granted.

York City ever had.

and around the Garden.

rom mouth to mouth.

omination."

arm.

o'clock.

tive.

members.

and badges.

Committee

circulating document.

from the Wigwam stand.

tariff reform was mentioned.

found by holders of platform tickets.

was the owner of the Garden. "

adges did a thriving business.

mmense gatnerinz.

women will agree with her.

LAST NIGHT'S UPRISING.

It was the greatest political outpouring New

There must have been at least 70,000 people in

There was genuine disappointment. The people

had assembled to hear the great statesman enun-

Gov. Hill got a tremendous welcome. It was

t is the greatest political turn-out that ever oc

Commirsioner Croker-I never expected and

The Tammany Hall stand on Twenty-sixth street

was surrounded by 5,000 people from 8 tnl 13

There were more people around the Tammany

Hall stand than there were in front of the Fifth

Avenue Hotel at the Blaine reception. This is a

crowd. It bristled with points and was very effec-

Gov. Hill made a splendid campaign speech.

named in honor of Surveyor Beattle, paraded

The people who were the clothes of hard-fisted

cept back newspaper men who had press ticket

man on the platform was Major Thomas Jefferso

The Purroy organization of the Fourth District

paraded behind a nfe and drum corps. They

marched past the County Democracy stand, but

The fakirs who sold bandannas and campaign

A tough who was e-reniating Republican hand-

Comforting.

Little Girl-What's the matter, little boy?

Little Boy-I'm crying because my mamma hi

Labor Notes.

The resignation of Patrick Dooily as Financial Secr. tary of the County Go ral Committee of the United Labor party was a surprise to that body last night.

the ludson to River-id-Grove and hold its regu-lar meeting. Dr. McGlynn will be there. The sale of the test has been so large that two extra barges have been engaged.

The Workingwomen's Society held a meeting at 28 Lafayette place last night and discussed immigration. Miss Relliy, a shirtmaker, was the principal speaker. Miss Mary Herg also taiked on immigration and the need of organization.

The once su-pended but now, forgiven and reinstated Metal Section, No. 8, of the Central Labor Union, will meet at 145 Eighth atreet Weineeday evening for the election of officers. Organizations affiliated with the section are requested to see that they are represented at the meeting.

Not Saint-Like Enough

[From Judge.] Two friends meet after a long separation.

"How is this, Brown? The last time I saw you

Weil, my dear feliow, I'll explain. You see

vere as gray as a badger, and now you're as black

my hair was rapidly turning white, and feeling that from a moral point of view, I was not quite up to carrying around 'a crewn of glory'—I dyed."

into the gutter and slid into Madison Park.

County Democracy stand during the evening.

curred in the United States,"

should have seen at the Garden last evening.

date Democracy and political truths.

ome minutes before he could speak.

FRIDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 7.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING EDITION (Including Postage), PER MONTH, 30c.; PER YEAR, \$3.50.

Intered at the Post-Office at New York as second-cla

Circulation Books Always Open.

THE CRY FOR AID.

The stricken people of Jacksonville, who have thus far borne up bravely against the affliction that has visited them, now appeal for sid to their fellow-citizens. In response to their call Mayor HEWITT has promptly issued a card to the public, soliciting donations, and offering to receive at his office and forward daily all contributions that may be sent to him

It is creditable to our citizens that before this appeal was made by the Mayor several handsome sums had been forwarded to Jacksonville on the first call for assistance. The Equitable Life Assurance Society had already telegraphed to the Chairman of the Finance Committee at Jacksonville authority to draw on the company for \$1,000. The green fruit trade association of this city had given similar authority to draw at sight for \$500. No doubt many other prompt contributions have already been made.

Let our citizens respond heartily to the appeal, and let the sums sent to the Mayor's office be worthy the wealth and generosity of

The meeting last night met a severe disap pointment in the sudden illness of Judge THURMAN, which prevented him from doing more than show himself on the platform and speak a few brief words of greeting and thanks to the people who filled every inch of space in Madison Souare Garden. But the gathering was a grand and remarkable demonstration, and the speech of Gov. HILL, who received an ovation, fully satisfied the crowd and was warmly applauded. as were the neat and appropriate remarks of Mr. ROSWELL P. FLOWER, who presided over the monster meeting.

Such a demonstration has seldom been seen in this city. It indicates that the Democracy is pretty thoroughly in earnest in the campaign, and that it is equally well satisfied with its National and State Administra-

Judge THURMAN's illness is said to be slight. and not likely to detain him from his engagements longer than two or three days. He was not well when he reached the city, and it was against the advice of his friends that he attended last night's meeting at all. But he was not willing to wholly disappoint the concourse that had assembled in his honor.

# A TRUE QUEEN.

For once the sturdy citzens of the American Republic, with all their love of liberty and all their contempt for divine right and the other fraudulent humbugs of monarchies, can bow down in admiration before a Queen and do homage willingly at the foot of her throne. For once they can respect her crown and admit that it is worthy the reverence of her subjects. But the throne is a camp-stool by the seashore, and her crown is the garland of field flowers with which the courtiers of her juvenile court on the of the North Sea decorate her brows.

A pretty story is told in the European papers of the visit of the Queen of Roumanis to Westerland, a summer resort on the Ger man Ocean, where she has been the centre of attraction of the children, whom she has won by her affectionate and loving ways When Queen ELIZABETH, who is herself childless, seeks the beach, the little ones gather about her, bringing daily their tributes of wild flowers, and building mock forts around her seat, as they say, to keep all her enemies away. The Queen is passionstely fond of children, and childhood readily finds out those who have a tender heart for the young. The little courtiers supply themselves with toy flags with which they decorate their fortifications and the seat the Queen occupies.

Will the royal lady ever find the same sin cerity and devotion in her real court? Will she ever spend happier days in her palace in Roumania than those she has passed this summer on Westerland beach? Perhaps not. And yet a woman who so loves children and has such kindness in her heart for the young and innocent must deserve the respect and affection of all her people, and be worthy of the position she fills. So, long life and happiness to Queen ELIZABETH of Roumania.

A despatch is in the city confirming the report of the rejection of the Chinese Treaty. But the despatch itself needs confirmation, and reliable intelligence on the subject will be awaited with interest.

A cool head averts many a calamity. Had it not been for the presence of mind of the pilot of the Glen Island steamer Sam Sloan last night there would have been a collision at Hell Gate between that boat and the Sound steamer Pilgrim. The two boats were bound to meet in the narrowest part of the channel. Neither could be checked in time to prevent this after coming within sight of each other. Any flurry or hesitation on the part of the Sam Sloan's pilot would have made a collision inevitable. But he signalled the Pilgrim and hugged the rocks on the west side so closely that there was not an unnecessary inch of room between them and the yessel. Then the boots passed each other without touching, both being

skilfully handled. There was not more than six inches of space, however, between them The Sam Sloan's pilot took the matter coolly. and did not seem to consider that his feat was worth talking about.

GOOD THINGS IN MARKET.

Cauliflower, 5 cents. Muskmelons, & cents. Live lobsters, 12 cents. Lettuce, 2 cents a head, Carrots, 2 cents a bunch. Celery, 10 cents a bunch. Peaches, 10 cents a quart, Sea bass, 10 cents a pound. Lafayettes, 10 cents a pound. String beans, 5 cents a quart. Cranberries, 12 cents a quart. Lemons, twenty-five for 25 cents. Codfish, 7 cents; baddock, 6 cents. American cheese, 12 cents a pound.

Green pa es, 75 cents an eight-quart basket Butter-Fair, 20, 22 and 25 cents a pound; very best, 27 cents. Grapes-Concords, 10 cents a pound or 30 cents for a ten pound basket; Concords, 20 cents

WORLDLINGS.

Recent Presidents, except Garfield and Haves, have not been linguists. Garfield had the classical and several modern languages at his command, while Hayes was thoroughly grounded in linguistic tudies, especially in German.

The only Indian in Dakota to whom naturalize ion papers have been issued is the Rev. Luke P. Walker, a graduate of the Indian School at Carilale, Pa. He is a full-blooded redskin, but has completely severed his tribal relations.

A Richmond paper tells of a local Beau Brummel of half a century ago who would be a formidable rival of Berry Wall were he alive to-day. He was the best dressed man of his day, and when he died left a legacy of seventy-one pairs of trousers to his heirs.

Bushrod D. Washington, of Chicago, a lineal decen ant of Gen. George Washington, possesses ne watch-chain seal with which Gen. Washington mpressed the death-warrant of Major André. The presented to Gen. Washington while he was in the service of Great Britain in the colonial days

### OVERWORKED POSTAL CLERKS.

Statement Showing Them to Be Paid Les per Hour Than Street Sweepers.

In the Editor of The Evening World: The idea seems to prevail among the public that a post-office clerk has a political sinecure, and we would like to show them what our sinecure consists of and the enormous salary and abundance(?) of time we have to spend with our families and friends.

From April 1, 1881, until April 1, 1887, we worked an average of one hour overtime a day. Since then our overtime has increased to an hour and a half per day. And it was not until after the exposure through the recent public press that Mr. Pearson ad-mitted that we were overworked, but he gave as an excuse that the work had been exceed-

ingly heavy the past few weeks.

Of course Mr. Pearson does not know any different, as he has not been on the newspaper floor since Sunday, March 25, and relies on the statement of Mr. Riblet. Since lies on the statement of Mr. Riblet. Since several newspaper representatives visited this office and found loss of their own publications de syed there has been every effort made to keep up with the work, and it is a matter of impossibility.

We had hoped, when the papers stated that Mr. Pearson had gone to Washington to ask for more help, that we would get a little relief, but we were disappointed.

Out of sixty two clerks appointed two

Out of sixty-two clerks appointed two weeks ago we got but twelve, though we re-quire at least one hundred and fifty. Some of the men on the New York table have to

work six weeks without a day off, and are no were of one then.

We work at the rate of eight hours for day's work, so, deducting our Sun ays, holi-days and vacations, we make on an average 407 days a year, at an average salary of \$7.0 a year, or \$1.79 a day—less than this city pays to the men who sweep the streets. Our hours of duty are fixed so that it is im-

Our hours of duty are fixed so that it is impossible for us to have any pleasure, as the following will show:

On the first morning tour the men report for duty at 1 a. M. and work until 10 a. M., or, most generally until noon.

The second day tour should be from 10 a. M., till 7 P. M., but it is generally until 9 P. M.

The third night tour is from 4 P. M. to 1 a. M. or 3 a. M. which makes an average of

M. or 3 A. M., which makes an average of twelve hours for work, two hours to and from our home to get our breakfast and sup-per and eight hours for slees; leaving us an average of two hours for pleasure. This is our sinecure. Post-Office Cleans.

# TWICE \$500 RIGHT THERE.

Ex-Congressman Adams I ound Ready Tak ers for His Bet on Harrison.

There was an immense crowd at the Fifth Avenue Hotel and Hoffman House last evening. The corridors were thronged by Demo. crats, and their number was greatly increased after the meetings in and around Madison Square Garden were over.

There were a few Republicans to be found at the hotels, and debates on the result of the Presidential election were frequent. The man, lowever, who had most to say was ex-Congressman John J. Adams, who is a rampant anti-Cleveland Democrat. He offered to wager, at the Hoffman House, \$500 that Harrison would poll 100,000 votes

in New York City.

Internal Revenue Collector Sullivan accepted the bet and the money was put up in the hands of Edward S. Stokes.

The ex-Congressman made the same offer again, and a men named Keith planked up \$500 that Harrison would not get 100,000 yours in this county.

votes in this county.

Mr. Adams says he has \$10,000 that he

wants to bet on the same terms as he bet Sullivan and Keith.

# Solourning in Gotham's Hotels.

Among the Bartholdi gue-is are Robert Wolff, of Paris; William Huut, of itol Springs, Ark., and T. J. Cummings, of Aleany. G. W. Crane, of Plattsburg, N. Y.; A.S. Rugge, of Giens Falls, and August Lepreux, of Washing-ton, are at the Sturievant.

ton, are at the Sturievant.

C. B. Hanna, of California; W. R. Trigg, of Richmond; Dr. Fr estly, of L. n. on, and T. Spencer Weils, of London, are at the First Byenne.

At the Glasy House are Joseph, Seitgman, of Boston; S. B. Harper, of Kingston; Thomas Edwards, of Portland, Me., and D. W. Wing, of Glena

Capt. Charles A. Coolidge, Leut. Francis Woodbridge and Lieut, Janes A. Layden, U. S. A.; also M. D. Woodford, of Toledo, are at the Grand Hotel.

On the St. James register ap ear the names of J. S. Rosenthal, of B. limore; J. M. Shill nberger, of Philadelphia, and F. H. Saepherd, of Boston. Conspicuous at the Hoffman House are S. A. Ryau. of Atlanta; C. W. Knox, of Virgini.; k. A. Smyth, of Greenville, S. C., and B. B. Heath, of St. Faul.

Among the Brunswick Hotel guests are C. W. McDaniel, of Kansas City; J. H. Barciar, of Wastington; R. C. Neills, of Montres; A. S. Wnite, of Scotiand, and Baron Selliere, of Paris.

Conspicuous at the Astor House are J. J. Powers, of Rochester; R. H. Forsyth, of Washington; Henry B. Bass, of Mancuester, England; D. A. Ray, of Humbolot, Ia.; S. Bauer, of Leavenwo th, Kan.; Dr. S. H. P. Hodgson, of Tennessee; H. C. Stillwell, of Providence, and Wilson, of Philadelphia.

The East River Park Harrison and Morton Cam-paign Ciuo has coluried a 15x20 net banner, with five-foot paotographe, at Eighty-fourts street and Avenue B., facing the entrance to the park.

# IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?

MORE OPINIONS PRO AND CON ON THE INTERESTING QUESTION.

One Wife with a Convivial Husband Relates Her Experience and Recommends Resiguntion to Her Foriera Sisters-Views of Wives, Would-Be Philosophers Happy

To the Editor of The Evenina World: Your paper of Sept. 5 contained a letter from "A Wife," who feels that "marriage is a failure." I agree with her that it is, 'nine cases out of ten." I am not the tenth woman! A much abused wife once told me that she would not know her husband was out did he not persist in coming home as soon as every other place was closed. It only took fifteen years for her to reach that stage! When a wife no longer " waits up" for her husband she is on the road to convalescence. Only tuose who have flattened their noses against the window till the wee small Only those who have material the moses against the window till the "wee small hours." listening for a familiar though uncertain fo tstep, can understand the agony of the neglected wife. If just once the full, unadulterated feeling of despair, that, alas! is the constant companion of so many wives, could take possession of these night maraud-ers, what a falling off there would be at the

ers, what a failing of there would be at the ciubs!

It is my fortune to possess (?) a husband who is termed a "congenial soul" by "the boys." If there is a device for keeping a man of that kind at home that I have not tried I should be glad to hear of it. First I tried tears. "Idle tears!" Then reproaches. Let her reproach! Next righteous wrath, Many "big D's" and a "going, going, gone! "voice heard by everybody, drowned me out. Sarcasm followed—keen, marrow-seeking! A threatening John L. attitude "closed the box." A quiet, a painfully quiet spree, in our cosy though lonely room to see if "Like would cure like." Two doctors, a disgusted ciubs! our cosy though lonely room to see if "Like would cure like." Two doctors, a disgusted husband, curtailed house expenses to pay doctor's bills! As a "get even." a place of amusement where husbands were plentiful. It takes, I found, very little to amuse men outside of their homes. A beer-table, hard, uncomfortable chairs, vile air filled with the fumes of drink and smoke, a few smirking, bold women, who squeak out half-forgotten ditties in smoke cheked voices.

Ah, husbands, with your lovely homes, your modest wives, your insocent children, how can you sacrifice so much for so little? Wives, there is no use trying to "get even" with a

there is no use trying to "get even" with a man. Have you children? Let their clinging arms restrain you in your desperate moments If the absence of your husband leaves you alone; if there are no baby arms to hold you to your duty, call dignity to your aid, and bear in a brave, womanly way your disappointment. to your aid, and bear in a brave, womanly way your disappointment. Men do reform. Is there not consolation in the very thought? When at last, wearled by the ntter emptiness of a deceiving, sensual outside world, your dethroned god comes back to you, let him find the home-garden still blooming, though the choicest flowers have died through his coldness and neglect. When the prodigal cares no longer to feed swine he will be glad to feast upon the fatted

luxury of your superiority.

A Resigned Wife.

### The All-Important Question. To the Editor of The Evening World

"A Wife" in yesterday's Evening World echoes from the London Daily Telegraph the query; "Is marriage a failure?" and, after expressing something of her own sadly disappointing experiences, answers: "I think it is and I think that nine women out of ten

will agree with me."
This is an important question, and if the answer of your fair correspondent is correct her conclusions are even more important, for they would show that society is on the eve of momentous convulsions and consequent revolutions.

All deep-thinking, observant minds know that this is peculiarly an age of spirit d evo-lutionary progress, in which old things are slowly but surely passing away and gradually giving place to new orders, and, as I think, with a view to preparing the way to higher and holier conditions, in every way bettering the life of man on the mundane plane. But is it a fact that the hely or should be

holy institution of marriage is a failure? so, the failure is of momentous import. In olden times it was averred, and in some quar-ters it is even yet held that marriage is holy, heaven-ordained institution. But now it is more generally, and especially in the law departments of society, regarded and quoted as a mere civil contract which may or may not be abrogated at the will of the con-

tracting parties for cause. Be this as it may, I hold that, as the mar riage up on is the germ and very foundation of society, and thence the corner-stone and bulwark of all politice-social and religious government, its sanctity must of necessity be as the fundamental life principle of social covernment. Without this, society fails and

anarchy prevails.

Of course I am treating of life on this mundane plane in this age of benightment and mortality. When the millenium comes and the kingdom of God is manifest in and throughout the earth as it is in heaven, then, throughout the earth as it is in heaven, then, according to Scribture, there will be no marrying nor giving in marriage, for all who are acc unted worthy to attain to that like will be like unto the angels, who never marry nor are given in marriage. But that is not yet, though it would seem that we are approaching the dawn thereot. Yet so long as we continue in this, the long prevaling age of spiritual evolution, we must wisely conform to the law of eyo intonary life, eyer endeavor. o the law of evo utionary life, ever endeavor.

ing to improve our condition thereunder.

The marr age union properly understood is an holy institution of that higher law which is never printed in our statute books. And so long as it is sacredly guarded within the pales of the higher law it will be a state of matrimonial bliss. But when that higher law is disregarded and the union is held as a mere civil contract the higher law, which is ove, is withdrawn to within the inner mary of the soul and, perforce, by the cedure becomes inoperative as regards the union. When this occurs the parties cease to be, in the divine sense of the term, love bound husband and wife. All confidences then wane; outside associations are sought Club life then comes in order and inconthence is the natural sequence. "A house divided against itself cannot stand." I repeat the all important question: "Is marriage a failure?" It so, what is to follow? Or what does this failure portend?

To the Editor of The Evenino World:

I have read "A Wife's" letter in your paper of Sept. 5; also letters on the question, Is marriage a failure?" in this Evenino's WORLD. If a wife tries to make herself as lovable after marriage as be ore and home as attractive as the club, she will have no reason

o complain. I believe some men would fail to appreciate heaven if they could find no clubs there. But it is my opinion that a weman with good sense and tact will have as much of her husband's society as she desires. My husband and son both like their club, but neither fail in their appreciation of home and the society

A Happy Wife's View. to the Editor of The Evenine World:

I have read with some interest the letter of Wife " in the issue of Sept. 5, in reference to the question, " Is marriage a failure ?" ] cannot refrain from replying to the same, a I wish to put myself on record among those who think marriage is not a failure, pro-viding both parties to the contract do their

Of course, during the day "the wives" are alone, but why? Are not our husbands working for us? and if once in awhile they feel homesick for "the boys," we can't blame them. Do not we feel lonesome for our mothers very often, and, if possible, ga

to see them? Don't let us be selfish, wives. DAINTY LADY MANICURES.

Does the neglected wife make home strective, trying as hard to please now as when first married? I endeavor to make home as pleasant, or more so, than the club, so, even when coming in, if my husband feels like going out aiter dinner, I lave so many little incidents of the day's happenings to tell him, he forgets his previous plans.

I think more than half the women in the world are their husbands' confidential companions never for an instant thinking it and FOUND IN AN ELEGANT OFFICE AMID THE WHIRL OF DOWNTOWN BUSINESS LIFE.

n Mathetically Furnished Retreat, Pretty Women and the Latest Hand-Beautffy. ing Appliances at the Very Doors of the panions, never for an instant thinking it an old-fashioned idea that it is so, but taking it Young Men of Wall Street-An Interview Come, let us hear from the "Happy Wives." Sound your trumpets and stand up for your husbands. Show "Wife" how much she is mistaken in her idea that we

An Eventua Wonto reporter was starting downstairs from the top of one of the largest bus ness buildings in New York when his eye was caught by the legend on one of the office doors.

In letters visible even to the most myopic of observers it was set forth upon the ground g ass panel that within there one Miss fulfilled the duties of a manicure. The fair manipulator of nails had her office hours in-How the 20,000 people in the Garden yelled when dicated, and they coincided with the time of day in which men whose goal in life is the It was quickly noticed that he was feeble in his vellow or silver disk which is supposed to contain the potentiality of enjoyment for this The whisper, " The Old Roman is sick!" went present life are briskest in their quest.

"In the name of the gods," quoth the reporter, " what can a manicure fird to do in the eighth story of one of New York's busiest mercantile beenives? Is it possible that the jeunesse dorée interrupt their quest of the

If any one doubts the popularity of Gov. Hill be elusive dollar to have their nails pared?" Arguing, with some originality, that the The followers of Tammany Hall and the County person most competent to give the solution Democracy yeiled and yelled, but the leaders kept to this query, which seemed to his mind a legitimate one, was behind the ground-glass Nevertheless, a Tammany Hall leader was heard door, and feeling that truth is occasionally o say: "Our delegates will be solid for his rethe result of judicious investigation, the curi-Gov. Hill and Mayor Hewitt surprised the local ous reporter stood for ten seconds, then statesmen by walking on the platform arm-instepped to the door and gave a time-isprecious - and - you - must - open-quickly tap upon the oak.

paign since 1840," remarked the veteran Col. A voice distinctly feminine uttered a sil Dunlap, "and I never saw such a crowd. I think very "Come in!"

The reporter gave a pull at his neck-scarf. gave a quick brush to the lapels of his cutaway, wished to heaven that baggy knees never saw such crowds. There were enough people outside to fill Madison Square Garden five were subject to a revisionary

Scene: A pretty little room, carpeted, Japanese screen representing three indige-nous storks in the act of nari-kari, a marbietopped washstand, a trim little maid with eyes as black as sloes, and a neat matron, whose abundant hair Time had touched with that lightness which marks his stroke as a caress rather than an admonition. The whole was lighted with sunshine that was diffused from an oval window.

"I am a newspaper man," said the reporter in tones that would have soothed a basilisk Senator Joseph Blackburn's speech tickled the with a jag, and accompanying the rhapsodic burst with a bow that would have given bis nibs, Chesterfield, a pain in the cardiac region. "I saw your—ah!—announcement on the door and wondered where in the top of a huge building like this, way downtown, you could find sufficient occasion for the exercise was Democratic to the core and will make a good S. S. Cox could not get into the Garden. He gave up the attempt. He made a rousing speech

of your vacation. The mother looked at him as if he were an interloper to be killed on the spot like a burglar, while the duskey-eyed maid eyed him as if he had broken loose from the vault The Seattle Battery, of the Thirteenth District, The battery numbers 300 handsomely uniformed where Dr. Johnson's hones are quartered. With the quickness of her gentle sex she ral-hed at once and said, quite possessedly: 'Sit down. I shall be pleased to tell you work namen were the most enthusiastic whenever

anything you want to know. I have plenty of customers. There are hundreds of young men with nails in this building, and a good many come from outside." Capt. Reilly, of the Thirtieth street station, did his best, but it is hard to stop grumbling at such an suppose there are a good many who ge The doors on Twenty-seventh street were not their nails attended to regularly?" quoth the reporter, airily, as a tramp might remark on the fellows who indulge in daily matitutinal opened until 8 o'clock. There was much fault

Senator M. C. Murphy had to use his influence to tubbings. et members of the pre-s inside. The officers on guard at the press door were afflicted with the

tubbings.

'Oh, yes! And the gentlemen are as particular about their nails as the ladies are. Some of them have lovely nails," she said, enthusiastically.

'Well, do you know," said the reporter, "I never had my nails—er—manicured, and I am perfectly ignorant of the process? Can't you tell me something about it?"

'Well, I'll tell you what I'll do. Sit down and I'll give you a treatment." They admitted their local political friends and

and I'll give you a treatment."

A rosy blush bathed the artless visage Rourke, Sergeant-at-Arms of the Democratic State A rosy blush bathed the artiess visage of the daily scrivener, which lent unwonted beauty to his face.

"Sit down there, please," and the young woman indicated a large, comfortable, armchair, such as usually enshrines the avoirdupois of a bank president. The reporter landed himself in its comfortable embrace.

"There's a tootstool. But your feet on its "So that is Major Thomas Jefferson Rourke, of Albany," remarked a man. "Why, I thought he

"There's a lootstool. Put your feet on it and make yourself as comfortable as you can," continued the bewitching little mani-The reporter, hardly knowing, whether he

was going to have his photog aph taken or his nails pared, planted two sim No. 6 feet on the foot-rest and made himself comfortbills received a black eye. He threw his literature The priestess of the rites was seated behind

a small table on which were various imple-ments somewhat suggesting the outlay of a dentist. There was a cushion on the table. Now, rest your arm on that and give me your hand."
"With all my beart," thought the reporter, but he maintained a smiling silence and stretched a rather red paw towards the young woman. As she took it in her hly fingers the

woman. As she took it in her hly fingers the reporter began to see one reason why cus-tomers, or to speak as befus the dignity of the manicure's art, patients should not be At the right of the manicure was a small At the right of the manicure was a small battery on a bracket. The young woman turned it on and took up a tiny disk of corundum fastened to the end of it, which the electric current put into rapid rotati n.

"This is my own invention," said the young woman. "I have got it nearly persected, it is onlicker nearly more please.

This is my own invention," said the young woman. "I have got it nearly perfected, it is quicker, neater and more pleasing than the old way."

She handed the reporter a small bowl of pretty glass, with a ruby border and filed with a pinkish liquid, and bade him put his other hand in this to let his nails become softened. Then she spread out the digits of his right hand and with her revolving wheel ground them into the requisite shape. "If hurt you, let me know," she said, as

Botter setters and repairers are to be organized. The Building Trades' Section meets to-night at 45 Eighth street. she plied her instrument deftly.
"Oh, it doesn't burt at all," said the re-The United Labor party is waiting to see which of the old parties indor-e ballot reform as exemplified to the Australian system of voting. porter, softly. After some moments the pails were ground

down. In the mean time the fair scientistor her remarks proved that she had studied her profess on as a science fully as much as an art—spoke garrulously of her profession.

When I resolved to enter it 1 studied it The Picnic Committee of the Central Labor Union in that mix t to settle up accounts. The picnic of last Monday was not as successful as the one of last year.

On Sunday the Anti-Poverty Society will go up the budson to fitver-id-Grove and hold its reguthoroughly, and know about nails all that a doctor can. I can cure the usual defects in nails; such as ingrowing nails, hang nails and nails; such as ingrowing nails, hang nails and all that sort of thing. Some of my sister manicures laugh at me for being so particular, and cail me an old rogy. But I believe in doing anything that is worth doing at all as well as it can be done.

"All my materials I make myself," she continued, taking a small stick of orange wood, shappened to a point, and running it arounthe tiesh at the base of the nail, "and I'm always making improvements. The other

always making improvements. The other hand, please!" After a like operation had been performed

migration and the need of organization.

The refunal of the proprietors of two of the most prominent Republic in newspapers in the country to employ union printers has arrayed the members of the International Typographical Union and the labor press against that party's candidates. on his sinister hand, the manicure cailed in the right one and with a small pair of slender Master Workman Quinn has suspended from No. 49 the local assemblies of ale and order brewers, ship carpenters, encaustic tiletayers and the Yorkwille Association because they refused to obey the mandate of the General Executive Board and ignored him. scissors, curved at the points, snipped off any little outlying pieces of flesh. Next she dipped into a vase containing a brownish powder and rubbed it on the nails,

brownish powder and rubbed it on the nails. After which with her fingers she rubbed them until they shone like glass.

She drew the reporter over to the washstand after this and let a stream of tepid water play upon his hands that washed away all trace of the powder. Then she extended a towel to him to dry them on.

"Now show your nails to mamma," she said triumphantly.

The reporter took his hands over to the triu hady with Time's powder in her locks.

trim lady with Time's powder in her locks and spread them out sneepishly for her in-spection. To be an object of admiration ever so restrictedly was an absolutely new thing in his life.

Oh, my! How pretty they are now!" exclaimed mamma.
.. Now you must be careful of them, and

try and keep them in good condition. Most of my patients get treated every week, and the nails can be kept in a beautiful condition

the nails can be kept in a beautiful condition
then. But I suppose you newspaper men
have to be writing editor als and things, so
that you haven't so much time. Oh, it was
no tromble." as the reporter murmured his
thanks for the service before retreating.
For several days after the reporter used to
hold up his nails and look at them shine with
much innocuous vanity. To rub the thumb
nail on the right hand till it fairly glittered
became a new diversion for his leisure moments, moments when he was not writing edi-

ments, moments when he was not writing edi-torials—and such things.

It was a new experience, and he hopes that those who live in barbar c neglect of their nails may discover the skilful manicure who lives near the clouds and practises her dainty

THE BOWERY BOY.

"Where did the Bowery get its name?" asks 'Revere " in a note to the Bowery Boy. That's sasy enough. "Bauer" is good Dutch for pessant or farmer. Two hundred and odd years ago there was a road running out from New Amsterdam, Along its borders were the comfortable houses of the farmers, surrounded by green pastures and fields of waving grain. The bauer lived there. Hence Bauery or Bowery.

Along in the first decade of this century the Bowery was a country road. Cedar street was New Yor principal residence street, and John Ripley's mother used to ride out in the country to the Bull's Head Garden. It adjoined the Buil's Head Tavern, which sat

where the Atlantic Garden is now, and ran up to Walker street. That part of the old street is now called Canal street, because it is a part of the route of the old canal from river to river. On the northeast corner of Canal street and the

Bowery is a hostery called the Summit House. The rise from the City Hall to this point is so gradual as to be almost "imperceptible, but in old times Canal street marked the summit of Bayard's Hill. which had a slope to the south sufficient to make a which has a good coasting place.

How many people recall the Peter Stuyvesant pear tree, which stood within a high fron fence built for its protection at Third avenue and Thirteenth street till the wind blew it down a few years ago ? It is said that George Washington tied his horse to that tree on his entry into New York, and that he rested himself under its branches.

"The Gotham" was another comparatively nodern institution. It stood at 298 and 300 Bowery and was an ancient two-story cottage, standing twenty feet back in the yard, with a flower garden in front. The entrance was where the Globe Museum is now. The Gotham was a headquarters for old-time baseball men, and a case of prize balls won from different clubs was a feature of the place. Old-time sports Capt. Wait Smith, of the Kutckerbockers; Johnny Lowery, California George, Wick and Johnny Brady and Oregon Tom used to frequent the place. It was torn down to make room for a six-story block in 1878.

Laughing over the story recently told in this colomn about the old Chatham Theatre, which stood where Cowperthwait's is now, W. B. Gregg recalls that in 1846 or 1847 an old actor named Kirby was the favorite there. Kirby was strong on melodram and could die so pathetically that he always captivated the house in that scene. Once he was going through a particularly dull play and a kid in he pit grew wears. Stretoning himself for a nap he requested his nearest neighbor in a tone clearly audible: " Wake me up when Kirby dies." The expression raised a hurralt. The curtain

short time ago.

Gregg corrects Bowery Boy. He says that Jake hipsey managed the Chatham down to 1860,

Speaking of the old theatres, Tom Keene first kindled the flame of admiration in the heart of the ero worshipper early in the war times-not on he gilded stage, but at a saloon at 78 Bowery searing the poetic title "the Pig and Whistle, Eddy Walker was its proprietor, and the actors of the New Bowery Thestre were its chief customers. There was bandsome Jun Clute, Jun Lineard, Dan Bunce, Ed Murphy, Count Multigan, Tom Leigh, Jack Shaw, Bill Cain, Jim Feeney, George Brown, dillage Cornell. Jimmy Davis, Jim Chichester and daurice Pike. And it was these whom Tom Keene emplated when he first began to spout tragedy to the habitues of the Pig and Whistle. He persisted, and success has been his in trage of, the most BOWERY BOY. difficult of dramatic work.

FUN FOR AFTER DINNER.



Darby-But, my dear, there are no microbes in Joan — Um — shows their sense! [Subject propped.]

[From Harper's Baser.] ife insurance companies," said old Barkins, \*They allow you \$1,500 for an eye, \$3,000 for two eyes, \$1,500 for an arm or a leg and \$3,000 for two arms or two less, but they only give your widow \$5,000 if you die. Well, it's easy enough to see that you can make more than \$5,000 if you die kinder slow. First lose yer legs, then yor arms, then yer eyes and then die. That's three \$1,000 and the \$5,000 for your widow besides, \$14,000 altogether. I tell you, Jim, there's money in that, and I'm goin' to git insured right now." eyes, \$1,500 for an arm or a leg and \$3,000 for two

On the Summer Hotel Plazza [From Line.]

Miss Gushington-What a magnificent sunset, Mr. Taveline! And aren't the mountains just grand ? Don't talk to me about European scenery. fell me, wasse can anything equal to this be found?

Mr. Tapeline (a gifted salesgentleman, who has been listening to tule sort of thing for nearly an nour, and has become absent-minded)—Bargain counter, first noor, near the entrance.

Not Dangerous.

"Julia, perhaps I am staying too late. Is not hat your father tap; ing on the floor overhead?"
"Yes, Arthur, but don't go yet. He han't dan-terously mad until he goes tearing along the hall eating the gong."

Mrs. Cumso's Idea of It.

(From Time.] rison and Morton," remarked Cumso.
. That's just like En Jones," replied his wife.
. He'd better be supporting his own family."

Democracy Stirring Harlem A mass-meeting of workingmen of the Twentythird Assembly District will be held this evening at the ball of the Harlem Democratic Club, 13, 15, and 17 East One Hundred and Twenty-lifth street. Senators Jacob A. Cantor and T. C. E. Ecclesine and Howars Ellis with be the speakers, and power-ful discourses upon the platform and principles of

DYSENTERY in children cured by MONELL'S TRETH

DRIFT CAUGHT BERE AND THERE BY "EVENING WORLD" REPORTERS.

Man May New Carry His Own Identifica.

A novel and ingenious plan to enable a person to identify himse f under all circumstances, as when cashing a check or money order or obtaining registered letters or mail matter, has recently been invented. It is in the form of an "identification card," which is inclosed in a morocco case, so that it can be carried around by the owner conveniently.

The card contains in one corner a minature photograph of the person to whom it is is. photograph of the person to whom it is issued, with his signature below. Beneath this is the attestation of a notary public to the genuineness of the photograph and signature.

On another division of the card is registered the name occupation, place of birth, age and citizenship of the possessor, together with an accurate description of him and his place of residence. Room is also left in another column for signatures and addresses of any references that the bearer may have

other column for signatures and addresses of any references that the bearer may have. A similar, but less perfect system of iden-tification card has been in use for some time in Europe, and it is required by law in some places. Banks and trust companies in this country, which have heard of the system, say that it is just the thing they have wanted for a long time, and declare that it will do away completely with many of the inconveniences and delays which are now experienced in the completely with many of the inconveniences and delays which are now experienced in the daily course of business in identifying per-sons who present checks and orders for pay-ment and cannot properly identify them-selves.

There Are Interesting Things to Be Told of Rowery Shooting Galleries.

"Yes," said the man in a Bowery shooting gallery in answer to an Evening World reporter's question. "We have a great many peculiar characters

come in here. The greatest of all, though, was a woman that came in here one day and said that she wanted to practise shooting. "After she had shot off about 50 cents

worth of cartridges, and showed no disposition to stop, I was congratulating myself on having got a splendid customer.

"Well, continued the clerk sadly, "she shot away \$2.15 worth of cartridges, and then saying 'I guess that's enough,' she started to go out. I headed her off and demanded the

ney. 'Why,' said she, 'I thought this was "Why,' said she, 'I thought this was free,' Two dollars and fifteen cents,' said I severely.' Then there was a scene. She said she was a stranger in the city, and not anticipating any expenditure of money, had left her pocketbook at the house where she was staying. She was respectably dressed and seemed greatly distressed at her predicament, and there was nothing else to do butlet her go. She promised to send the money, but I have never heard from her since any don't allow women to come in here any more on account of the crowd which guthers at the door, and pickpockets reap quite a

ha vest. Drunken men seem to have a wild desire to shoct as soon as they get a 'jag' on. We have to watch them closely to prevent wild shooting, but they sometimes are too quick for us, as the ceiling will show.

for us, as the ceiling will show."

Sure enough, a close inspection of the ceiling showed it to be almost honeycombed in some places where the rifle had been exploded before the proper level had been reached.

'About the hardest mark to hit is the was rung down and Kirby was obliged to make a speech. "Wake me up when Kirby dies" was a Bowery expression from that time down to a very short time ago.

"About the hardest mark to hit is the dancing glass ball, such as you see there. The ball is kept in the air by a stream of water pumped by that gas motor, and its short time ago. The motor also moves those flying pigeons, which are also hard to hit, but we have people come in here who scarcely ever miss. In fact, there are many expert shots in this city outside of stage performers and Wild West

No Use for Solder When the Tin Would All

Be New. A newly married couple were watching man on Breadway who was exhibiting something for sale. The young wife was quite interested and the husband moderately so. The man had a tin pail with little holes distributed pretty equally all over it. It looked

like a very inconvenient sort of watering-pot. But it wasn't. The holes had been put there simply toat they might be filled up. Bundles of solder were lying on the stand. They were about the length of a penholder and one-third or a penholder's diameter. The man stuck a candle in the tin pail under one of the holes and then with his lead stick soldered it neatly and rapidly.

Much larger holes can be mended with the same case. If the hole is in the bottom, along the edge, and you can't get the candle-light near it, just run a hot poker along the place and melt the solder that way. Four cents apiece. Three for 10 cents. Have three, lade 2"

lady?"
The lady had said something to her liege lord about having tin pails and things when they went to housekeeping, and showed a tendency to take time by the forelock and get some solder. But her husband said: "The tinware will all be new, Liz," and Liz did not buy."

A Gentle Jesuit Father Who Laid a Most Successful and Delightful Plot. In the Jesuit house on Fifteenth street

there is an amiable Italian Father. He is very sweet-spoken, courteous and thoughtvery sweet-spoken, courteous and thoughtful. But the Jesuits are said to be great plotters, and this gentle Father got up a plot. In between two parts of the house there is a little bit of ground covered with flags. It was about as large as a miser's idea of liberality. The Father, as he passed by this spot, would pause, lean on the rail and looking down on the flas, would think of his plot. At last he got it. It was a plot for ros a that was in the good man's mind. ros s that was in the good man's mind.

The flags were removed and the tiny inclosure turned into a little rose garden, and now the reverend enthusiast on roses has sixty-five different varieties in his small

now the reverend enthusiast on roses has sixty-five different varieties in his small square! He wid point out to you with delight his Puritan, Gloire de Dijon, the Katherine Mermets, the Jacqueminots and dozens of other, most of them of the rarer type.

He waters and clips them himself, and loosens the soil around their roots and watches a new bud to see that no miserable bug makes his dinners off it, and all this with the simplest, most delighted and delightful ardor.

The Jesuits are great plotters. A Harvest of Door Knobs.

Two boys named Warner Kilbright and William Galway, residing in West Thirty-sixth street, were rraigned in the Jefferson Market Police Court this morning charged with stealing door knobs.
Complaint was made by Detective Feess, of the
Thirty-seventh street station, who accused the lads
of stealing fourteen brass knobs off the doors of
two new sous a being erected by Sheriff Grant.
Justice Gorman sent them to the House of Refuge.

Liberty's Torch Went Out. The electric lights in Liberty's big torch went out at 7 o'clock last evening, for the first time since Jan. 15, and Bedice's Island and the waters of the harbor were in darkness throughout the night.
One of the insulating strps of mice attached to
the dynamo which supplies the 55 000 candle-power
are light act out of order, and keeper Littingsid
had to wait till to-day to get the repairs made.

# I Really Can't

Begin to tell the benefit I derived from Hood's Sarsaparilla, says a lady who had been all tired out, "almost ready to give up." Why, it gave me new life and strength so rapidly that in a few days I felt like another oman. I recommend it as the best blood purifier and nic I ever knew of.

tonis I ever knew of.

Hood's Sarsaparilla sold by all druggists, \$1; acr fat
85. Prepared by C. L. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.